

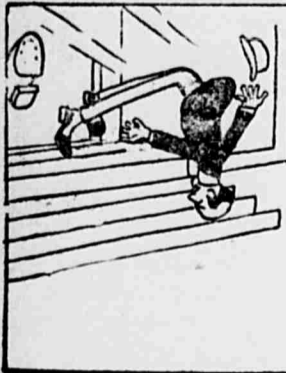
The Evening World.

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BUSINESS NOT POLITICS.



N EITHER of the recent gatherings at Carnegie Hall was what should be called a political convention. They were rather business meetings. Their object was not to declare political principles or to pass upon policies of government, but to decide who the authorized collectors of corporation contributions shall be and who will have the power to dispose of patronage and legislation.

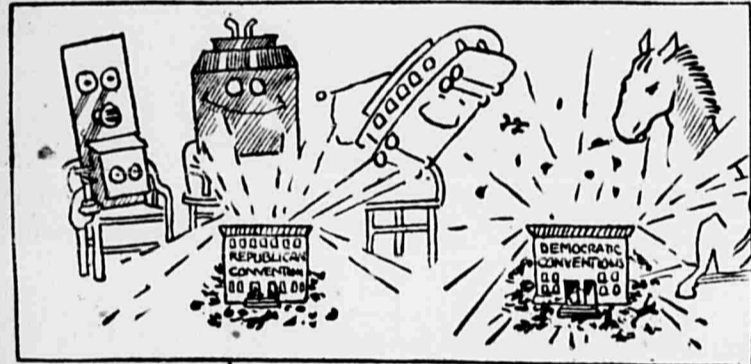
Although the making of political contributions by corporations is now prohibited by law, there has been no interference with the highly developed system of individual collections for individual purposes.

In this business the Hon. Patrick H. McCarren, of Brooklyn, had gradually forged to the head. He had established a reputation and valuable good will. Anybody who wanted either to pass or defeat a bill in Albany knew that the job could be put in no better hands. Even such matters as park or school sites found in Mr. McCarren a competent and successful manager.

In the various financial matters which engaged the attention of Anthony N. Brady, McCarren's judgment, pull and services have been of inestimable value. What really sealed McCarren's doom with Fingy Connors and Murphy was Brady's testimony about the Wall street railroad check and his turning State's evidence against Thomas F. Ryan.

That meant that Mr. Brady must be eliminated from political power, and a necessary step to that end was the ejection of the Hon. Patrick H. McCarren.

What these two conventions really did decide is through whom the traction monopoly, the race tracks, the telephone companies and the Consolidated Gas Company shall treat with the future governments of this State and city.



The main object of the Republican Convention was to convince the public that Gov. Hughes was not deuce high in the legislative game, and that the bosses would come to their own again. As Mr. Barnes, of Albany, logically and pathetically said, "Gov. Hughes has no use for such as me and we naturally object to becoming extinct."

In both conventions nothing was more noticeable than the change in the personality of the delegates.

The old-time Republican conventions had delegates who had voted for Lincoln, and to whom Republicanism meant union instead of disunion, and freedom instead of slavery.

The old-time Democratic conventions had men who helped Samuel J. Tilden smash the canal ring, whose fathers had voted for Martin Van Buren and Jackson, whose grandfathers were opposed to federalism and whose political aim was to apply Jeffersonian principles to the details of government.

There were bosses in those days, but the bosses were big men—men of eloquence, like Conkling; of high character, like Horatio Seymour; of calm judgment, like Samuel J. Tilden.

But in those days politicians were something else than financial puppets. Wealth was not a prerequisite to political success. The boss was brier than the traction magnate or the gas meter or the telephone.

As for the ordinary citizens, who cast the votes at the primaries and on election day, who pay the additional Coney Island fares, who drop their quarters in the gas meters, who contribute the telephone's profits, who are mulcted by the abolition of free transfers—it makes little difference to them whether they are governed by Murphy or McCarren, by Barnes or Odell.

In either case the public pay.

Letters from the People.

H. W. Longfellow.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Who wrote these lines?
 O girl of child,
 O perfect day,
 Madison, N. J.

H. C. Straight Flash Beats Four Aces.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A says four aces beat a straight flush. B says any straight flush will beat four aces in a game of poker. Which is right?
 L. NEIMANN.
 "Would 'Save the Weakest'."

The Speed of the Current.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A reader recently offered the following problem: "Three men row down a river a half-mile in 15 minutes. It

takes them 45 minutes to row back up the river a half-mile. How fast does the river flow?" A half-mile equals 100 rods. Therefore, 100 ÷ 15 = 10 2/3 rods in one minute (the rate that they row down the river); and 100 ÷ 45 = 2 2/9 rods in one minute (the rate that they row up the river). Therefore, 10 2/3 rods - 2 2/9 rods = 7 8/9 rods in one minute. Is the rate that the river flows in one minute. And in 15 minutes × 7 8/9 = 118 rods, which the river flows in 15 minutes. JOSEPH.

Women in Business.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Women yearly flock more and more to business positions. If this is all right, and if women are better equipped to do the work than men are, I've nothing to say. But I'd like experts to answer this question honestly, and not confused by ideas of calvary: "Is there any position in the business world, filled by women, that a man could not undertake as well, if not better?" Is there any job a woman can hold down better than a man could, and why? Answer honestly and truthfully, you experienced readers. FAIR PLAY.

Something Hatching.

By Maurice Ketten.



Blessed Is the Husband Whose Wife Can Mend a Hole in His Coat, and Who Does It, Like Mrs. Jarr, Without Wasting Words Over It.

By Roy L. McCardell.



Roy L. McCardell

"WELL, look at that hole burned in your overcoat!" said Mrs. Jarr, regarding with angry eyes the damage to Mr. Jarr's new spring overcoat. "Geel how did that get there?" cried Mr. Jarr. "You know well enough how it got there!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Your new coat ruined, just ruined, by your carelessness! Now you'll have to get a new coat, and there were so many things I wanted! Suppose I was like that with my things? Sometimes I think I make a mistake in taking care of my clothes; maybe I'd get more and be able to keep within a year of the styles if I was as careless as some people are! But not I take care of my things, and consequently they are always fit to wear, and I never have anything new! I can show you the winter coat I got four years ago, and it's as good as new, only it is so far out of style I can't wear it."

Mr. Jarr was going to say that this was poor economy, and that he couldn't see any use in keeping clothes if they were not to be worn; but second thought advised him to keep quiet on this point, so all he did was to dolefully surmise that "some feller must have held a cigar against me in the subway."

"Nonsense!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "You did it yourself! Don't I have to follow you around picking up your cigar stumps to keep from having the house set on fire? Don't you let the ashes fall on the carpets and on your clothes, and when I was in the country you used to smoke in bed at nights with your old books?"

Mr. Jarr stood up, confessing his grievous faults in a manner that would have disarmed even a wife, and ventured a feeble suggestion that "somebody might dare it."

"You get your old heavy coat and wear it," said Mrs. Jarr, coldly. "I've got to dress to go down town. Wear your old coat if you will be so careless!" And Mrs. Jarr swept out of the room.

"Oh, go on and fix it for me please!" said Mr. Jarr. "I'd rather have you fix it than a tailor. You can cut a piece from inside somewhere."

"I told you I wouldn't do it and I won't!" said Mrs. Jarr from the next room. "I have enough to do mending after the children without mending after you! If you don't want me to send it to the tailor you can take it yourself. There is one thing sure, I won't put a hand to it!"

"Honest, Clara, I didn't do it," said Mr. Jarr. "How could I have held a cigar against the middle of my back, I am not a contortionist! I tell you one of those pests who will bring lighted and ill-smelling cigar stumps into crowded cars did it. I don't say it was done on purpose, but I'd like to punch whoever did it."

"It's a matter of indifference to me," came back the voice of Mrs. Jarr. "I've told you once that I won't fix it, so go get your other coat!"

"I won't take you a minute," pleaded Mr. Jarr. "My heavy coat looks shabby, and if you are going down town with me you want me to look nice, don't you? You always look nice."

But Mrs. Jarr simply called out that he wasn't to bother her any more, and if he didn't want her to go down town with him unless she patched his coat she wouldn't go, so there!

"Oh, all right, then," replied Mr. Jarr, resignedly. "Only you always look so neat that I want to be some sort of credit to you. Be a good feller and fix it!"

"I said I wouldn't, and that settles it!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply from the next room.

"Well, come on, then, I'm ready to go," said Mr. Jarr, and subsided. After a while Mrs. Jarr came out with the coat neatly mended. "There, take your old coat and go out!" she said. "I'll go downtown later!"

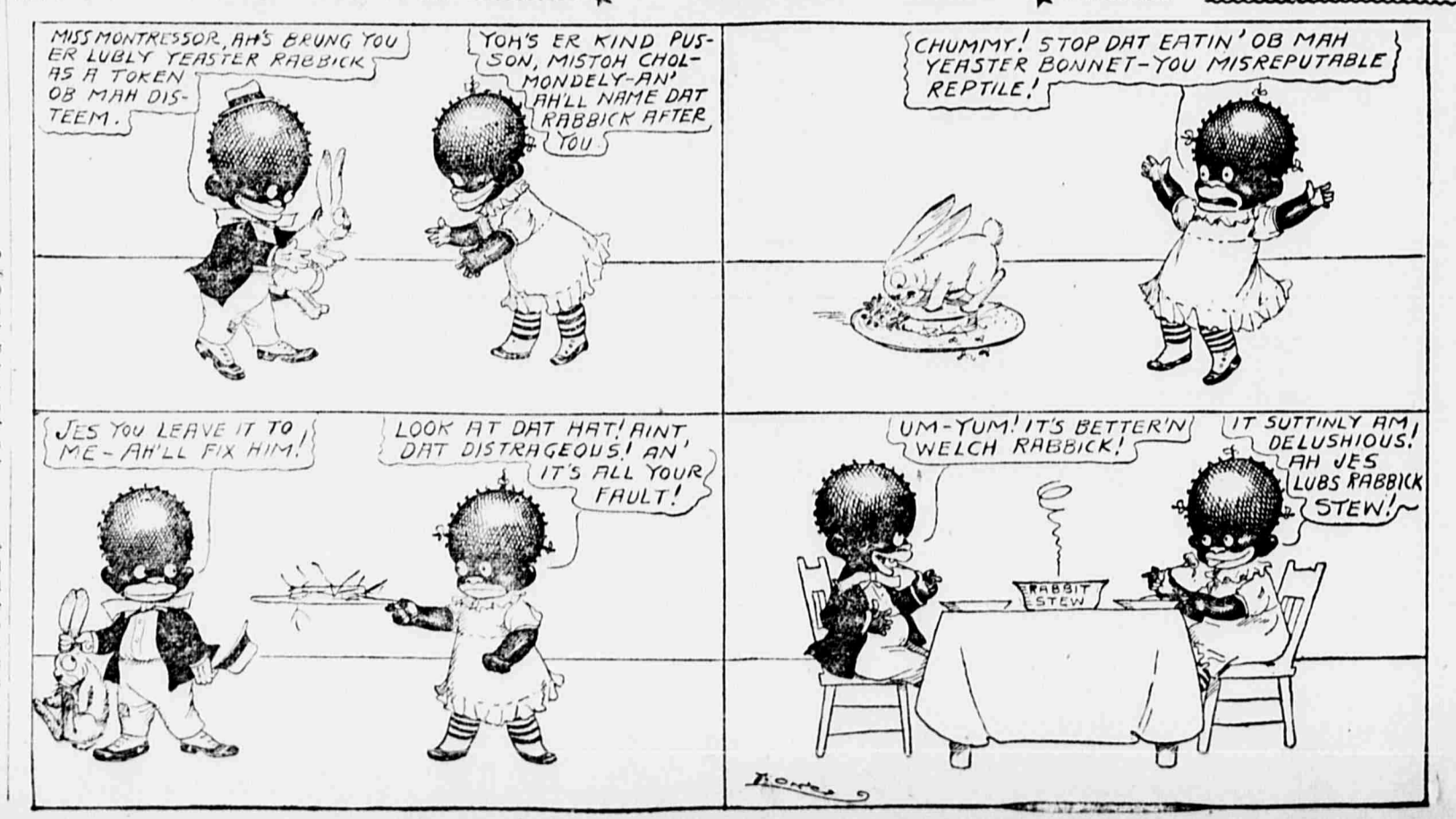
She had been mending it all the time she had been declaring she wouldn't. Perhaps the wily Mr. Jarr knew this all along, for he said: "That's fine! It looks good as ever. Hurry up, now. I'll wait for you."

And so he did, and never once growled "Say, are you going to be all day putting on your war paint and chinaware?"

Love In Darktown

★ The Courtship of Cholmondeley Jones ★
★ and Beautiful Araminta Montessor ★

By F. G. Long



The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 15—W. H. HARRISON. Part II. The Indian Fighter, Ninth President (1773-1841). Rugged face and figure. Long, aquiline nose. Large, luminous eyes; heavy brows; high, broad forehead, prominent cheekbones and chin.

"I WOULD as soon have thought of putting my wife into the army as this boy. But I find his smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight form is as tough as any weather-beaten carcass!"

So wrote a Revolutionary veteran about the Virginia lad, William Henry Harrison, who had just entered the army in 1791. Harrison is usually associated with the simple life, log cabins, hard cider and all that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, he sprang from an aristocratic stock that deemed itself as highly born as any nobleman of England. The famous Col. Harrison, who helped condemn Charles I. to death (and whom Charles II. beheaded), was his ancestor. His father, Benjamin Harrison, a rich planter, was prominent in the Revolution and Governor of Virginia. It was planned that young William should become a physician. He preferred to fight Indians. And, as usual, he had his way. The West was swarming with hostile savages. Tales of Indian fighting thrilled the Virginia boy's heart. The idea of settling down as a quiet country doctor did not appeal to him. His family bitterly opposed his becoming a soldier. They went so far as to beg President Washington to prevent such a step. Washington's reply to the appeal was to give Harrison an ensign's commission in the First United States Artillery, and to pack him off to the very heart of the Indian country.

Thus, at eighteen, Harrison came into the career he had always longed for. His regiment was quartered near what is now the city of Cincinnati, O., which was then a hotbed of Indian uprisings. The lad's fellow officers—rough old warriors as they were—laughed at first at his polished manners and youthful, almost girlish, appearance. But they quickly learned that the youth had the makings of an ideal

frontier soldier. Old Gen. Anthony Wayne, commander of the Western army, took an interest in Harrison and made him a lieutenant and later an aide-de-camp. For dashing, yet prudent, conduct in the face of danger he won universal praise. It was a time of constant peril. The little American army in Ohio was hemmed in again and again by overwhelming hordes of savages. To fight in his ranks meant a daily duel with death. In the celebrated Battle of the Miami, Aug. 20, 1794, Harrison was nearly all day exposed to the enemy's fire. Wayne mentioned this in his official report, saying:

"My faithful and gallant aide-de-camp, Lieut. Harrison, rendered the most essential service . . . by his conduct and bravery exciting troops to press for victory." Harrison had also planned out the manoeuvres which won the battle.

When the war ended the young Virginian was a captain. Instead of returning to his Eastern home, he cast his fortunes with the near West. Marrying an Ohio girl, Miss Anna Symmes, he became Government secretary for the vast surrounding territory, serving more than once as acting Governor. When that territory, in 1798, was allowed to send its first delegate to Congress the twenty-six-year-old Harrison was elected. As Congressman he devoted himself heart and soul to building up the fortunes of the West. Among the measures for which he was largely responsible was one which allowed unsettled Western land to be occupied by thousands of pioneers instead of being annexed by a few monopolists. The West owes its wise laws of land distribution and inducements to settlement almost wholly to Harrison's clever plans. President John Adams rewarded his zeal in 1800 by making him Governor of the newly adjusted "Territory of Indiana." This territory included what is now Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin. As Governor of the huge district Harrison was also official manager of all Indian affairs, local military dictator, sole law-giver and land commissioner. In other words, at the age of twenty-eight he had almost the powers of an Emperor over a territory larger than many foreign empires. Practically the whole Western government was in his hands. It was a position that might well have turned his head. It did not. The Indians more than once threatened to kill him; but the youthful Governor's pluck and coolness, combined with his efforts to treat them fairly, at last won their respect.

Then came the treaty, managed by Harrison, whereby the Indians sold to the Government 3,000,000 acres of land along the White and Wabash Rivers. Two powerful chiefs opposed this treaty. One of them was Tecumseh, the other his brother, a fanatic, known as "T. Prophet." These chiefs stirred up discontent. Agents of Great Britain secretly helped on the strife. Trouble was at hand. Harrison staved it off as long as he could. Then he invited Tecumseh to come to the Government headquarters at Vincennes and talk matters over. Tecumseh came, bringing 400 warriors. Bloodshed was averted only by the Governor's tact and quiet pluck. No arrangement was reached. Next day Harrison, with no escort or guard, went to Tecumseh's camp to seek another conference. Alone, in the midst of hostile Indians, his courage and coolness again enabled him to escape unhurt.

In the spring of 1810 Tecumseh went on the war-path, massacring white settlers. Harrison threatened punishment unless these atrocities were stopped. The Government suggested that Tecumseh be captured and held as hostage. This savored too much of trickery to suit Harrison. So, instead, he tried a countermove in the Indian's game. He arranged to establish strong military posts at Tippecanoe, Ind., the "Prophet's" own town, in the centre of the "debatable" Wabash country. Thither he marched on Nov. 6, 1811, with a small force. Tecumseh had garrisoned Tippecanoe with a large Indian army, and requested a conference for next day. But before dawn he attacked the Governor's camp. Harrison, having a pretty clever knowledge of Indian character, was ready for him. So the plan of massacre failed. A fierce battle followed. Tecumseh was terribly beaten. Harrison lost 108 men, but taught the Indians a lesson that they never forgot. The Battle of Tippecanoe did more perhaps than any other one event to open the Middle West to American settlers. Incidentally, it made Harrison a national hero.

But his greatest work was close at hand.

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Battle of Tippecanoe.

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